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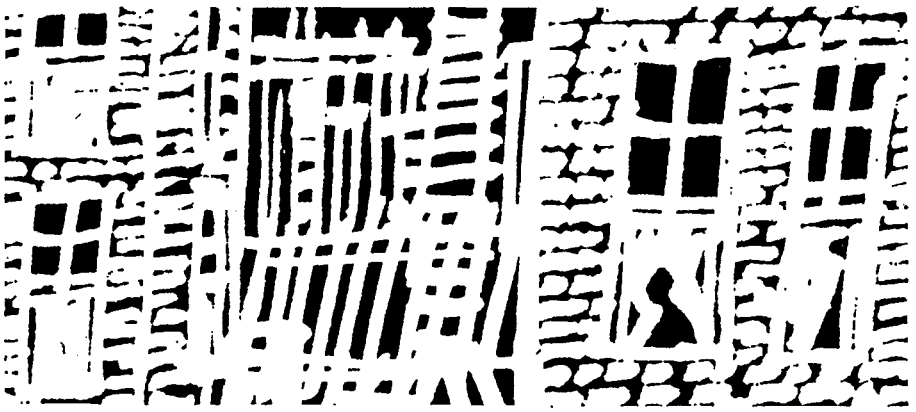

SHRIVER'S LIMITED WAR

How much change in the social structure?

Sidney Lens

RUPEES AND RICE

George Woodcock

ART-LESS CATHOLICS

Daniel P. Moynihan

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NEWS AND VIEWS

Dr. J. K. Burns, a prominent Irish physiologist has some alarming news: sexual intercourse can cause cancer. Not only cancer, it turns out, but "development of offspring with congenital diseases; liberation of steroids, which lessen resistance to infection; promotion of hormone imbalance . . and formation of more and more abnormal germ cells."

Don't worry though; it's probably still moral to have babies. Principle of double effect.

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Quote of the week, from a cutline in *Jubilee* magazine under the picture of Victor Ridder, president and publisher of the New York Archdiocesan newspaper, the *Catholic News*: "The *Catholic News* is a conservative paper and its policies will not be affected by the Vatican Council, Ridder says, except insofar as the Archdiocese may change."

•

From *New Christian*, an interdenominational, ecumenical journal published in London: "The next millstone to go must be the church buildings. A building is like a pet: so long as you've got it you've got to look after it. And if the pet is large enough it takes a lot of time, energy and money to do this. To make matters worse most of the buildings are not even useful pets but white elephants. Is there anything more sickening than to see a group of reasonably intelligent people coming together in a church—many of them with vital problems to face in their daily lives—and discussing how to raise cash for their particular shrine? . . .

"Apart from the economics of the problem, there is the fact that a building inevitably becomes a crutch to one's faith, and even an excuse for not broadening that faith. Would we have half the difficulty in persuading Church members about the necessity and nature of mission if the buildings were not around, so offering the easy way out for many, that all they have to do is to persuade colleagues to 'come to church'? Would the dualism of seeing the Church set over against the world . . . be fallen into so easily . . .?

"Those churches with no building 'problem' could resolve that only the main act of worship shall take place in the building: for the rest of the week it could be hired out for secular uses—if its present structure doesn't easily allow for this, let it be altered so that it does . . . For those Christians in areas where a new building is contemplated the matter is simpler: they can resolve not to build, and in one action throw the local Christians back on their own resources as few Christians have been in four centuries."

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The Minnesota Twins, who won the American League pennant last year, are currently floundering in fifth place and wondering what has gone wrong. The Rev. C. Philip Hinerman of Minneapolis' Park Avenue Methodist Church says he knows what it is: "The Lord has withdrawn his blessing. Everybody knows that last year Someone was looking out for the Twins. They won game after game that they had no right to win." God withdrew his support, according to Rev. Hinerman, because second-baseman Jerry Kindall was cut from the team. Kindall, who led a Bible study group each morning, was hitting .200, and was replaced by Bernie Allen, who does not lead a Bible study group, but who bats 40 or 50 points higher.

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A poll of 145 students at McQuaid Jesuit High School in Rochester, shows that 84 percent disagree with the birth-control ban, 19 percent don't pray any more, and 45 percent don't believe in organized churches.

•

The excesses of liberals: In a commencement address at Manhattan College, Thomas P. Melady, president of the Africa Service Institute, called for the excommunication of Catholics who refuse to sell their homes to Negroes. He said that the sins of racism should be "treated like other mortal offenses against God's dignity," such as murder, adultery and theft. Innocent question: since when does the Church excommunicate all its sinners, and who would be left to tally up all the excommunicants if it did?

•

The New York *Times* for April 29 showed U.S. infantrymen dumping sacks of captured rice into the Rachbenngo River, which divides Vietnam from Cambodia. In response to an inquiry passed on by Senator Javits, Brigadier General William W. Berg wrote that "Our combat units are well aware of the food shortages in South Vietnam and are not wantonly destroying captured rice whenever it can be salvaged and put to local use. However, in a fluid combat situation, available time, manpower and transportation will not always permit removal of captured goods to a safe area."

The general's reply sounds logical, but it would be pleasant to have more facts. If the immediate area is secure enough for soldiers to trek the rice to the river we wonder if it isn't secure enough to drop big helicopters in to save it. The general mentions reports that food shortages are hurting the Viet Cong. It isn't just the Viet Cong they're hurting.

•

From the preface to Xavier Rynne's new book *The Fourth Session* (Farrar Straus, $5.50): "During the closing weeks of Vatican Council II, Cardinal Ottaviani wrote Pope Paul a letter in which he stated: 'But I was always in the minority.' . . . Those who were dismayed by Pope Paul's recent appointment of Cardinal Ottaviani as head of the papal commission for the study of problems of population, family and birth control, would do well to repeat over and over again the phrase, 'I was always in the minority,' until they grasp its full significance. In this light it becomes clear that is was a stroke of diplomatic genius on Pope Paul's part to cast the cardinal in the role, as it were, of midwife presiding over this labor." JOHN LEO

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CORRESPONDENCE

Tight Ship

Jacksonville, Ill.

To the Editors: The accuracy of John Leo's diagnosis of the Chicago clergy's overdue growing pains ("Cody in Chicago," June 10) is equal to his nautical nonsense about a tight ship's crew firing a shot across its own bow.

(REV.) M. O. DRISCOLL

Freud

Stanford, Calif.

To the Editors: Daniel Callahan's impartial, objective and ironic turn of mind has once again illuminated a sticky problem ("Freud Saw It Coming," June 3); but I think he misses a crucial point in the argument of Sigmund Freud's *The Future of an Illusion*. In the place of the God of believers (the God of "consolation"), Freud speaks twice of "our God *Logos*." He speaks of *"education to reality."* He argues for "the primacy of the intellect"—that intellect whose voice "is a soft one" which "does not rest till it has gained a hearing" and which "Finally . . . succeeds." He confesses that the intellect in which he places his hopes "will presumably set itself the same aims as those whose realization you expect from your God . . . namely the love of man and the decrease of suffering." He adds: "we believe that it is possible for scientific work to gain some knowledge about the reality of the world. . . ."

These are extraordinary claims. For it might just as well be true that the world in which we live is absurd, that to give primacy to the intellect is the road to destruction or is, at best, irrelevant to the chaotic, indifferent world in which men are placed. It is, then, something of a marvel that Freud has committed himself to faith in the intelligibility of the world, and that he values creativity more than destruction, friendship more than hatred, concern for those who suffer over unconcern. In a world of such bloodshed as we have seen, of such

(*Continued on page 423*)

NEWS & VIEWS: 404 **CORRESPONDENCE: 405**
EDITORIALS: 405
'WHAT KIND OF FAITH BUILT THE NATIONAL SHRINE?': *Daniel P. Moynihan* **407**
SOCIALIST CONVENTIONEERS: *William S. Allen* **409**
POLITICS AND A POLL: *James O'Gara* **411**
SHRIVER'S LIMITED WAR: *Sidney Lens* **412**
RUPEES AND RICE: *George Woodcock* **414**
VERSE: 417
THE STAGE: *Wilfrid Sheed* **418** **THE SCREEN:** *Philip T. Hartung* **419**
BOOKS: 420

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SOUTH AFRICA

On the eve of Senator Robert Kennedy's visit to South Africa, President Johnson delivered his first major speech on Africa. "We will not permit human rights to be restricted in our own country," he said. "And we will not support policies abroad which are based on the rule of minorities or the discredited notion that men are unequal before the law."

The sentiments are lofty, but the claim is untrue. The United States does, in fact, support the policies of South Africa for various military, economic and domestic political considerations. Only the rhetoric is antagonistic toward *apartheid*. After the President's speech, the New York *Times* spoke editorially and with some pride about "the state of U.S. sentiment" running against *apartheid*. In reply, Congressman Benjamin Rosenthal of New York sent a letter to the *Times* delicately pointing out that the South African regime couldn't care less about U.S. sentiment unless some attempt (not now on the horizon) should ever be made to translate it into political action. "For the failure of sentiment to produce positive action," he wrote, "is viewed by South Africa as weakness, and by the rest of the continent as hypocrisy . . . Your editorial, in other words, missed the point."

A gap between rhetoric and reality, if sustained by both the President and the New York *Times*, is unlikely to be closed, or even perceived by "American sentiment." A paradigm of what that sentiment amounts to is offered in the figure of wealthy industrialist Charles Englehard. Mr. Englehard, an activist in behalf of various worthwhile domestic causes, is a man of irreproachable liberal connections. Senators Church and Gruening appear at his parties. Presidents Kennedy and Johnson have praised his humanitarian efforts. The New Jersey branch of the National Conference of Christians and Jews has honored him with a brotherhood award. But the brotherhood, like the President's commitment to equality, is strictly domestic. Mr. Englehard controls South African mines that are run on a base of slave labor and that help entrench the Verwoerd regime. But only a handful of radicals have

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made an issue of the matter. Most of us, and most of our newspapers see nothing extraordinary in a brotherhood award to a man who tacitly accepts and advances the methods of *apartheid*. For the gap between Mr. Englehard's rhetoric and performance on South Africa precisely reflects national policies.

American investments in South Africa, which total something over a billion dollars, could exert leverage, but they clearly do not. Most of us have some reason or other for not taking action: the right wing sees South Africa as a bulwark against Communism; NASA worries about the possible loss of the tracking station near Pretoria; liberal politicians, sensing little thirst for action among the voters, tend to side with the rhetoricians against the activists. The new radical left, which proclaims the death of liberalism, points to the Africa policy as a prime sign of rigor mortis.

Yet the human cost of U.S. inaction is high. African families are arbitrarily being broken up, defendants are routinely tortured and occasionally jailed for three or four years awaiting trial. Men are often tried and sentenced on a given charge, then after serving a term, retried and resentenced for the same offense. Mary Benson, a British writer, was placed under a ban prohibiting social gatherings; the government even refused her request for an occasional visit with her sister, and in search of companionship, she resorted to "walking the streets, hoping to bump into friends." Rules on detention, arrest and trial now have little in common with the Anglo-Saxon tradition. A Mrs. Weinberg reported that she gave evidence to police only after relays of security men had kept her awake, and standing, for three days, or until her legs swelled until her ankles hung over her shoes.

The view that South Africa is a struggling Anglo-Saxon democracy, beset by demagogic black nationalists, bears no resemblance to this totalitarian regime. It is time for the U.S. to put some economic muscle behind its egalitarian homilies.

FAILURE IN THE SCHOOLS?

The American success story is a complex and fascinating narrative. Under its spell failure is not easily recognized, and when it is, an American failure is a strange thing indeed. There is always another day, American energy is seemingly inexhaustible. Who can ever say about this country that the final results are in?

Yet something of this kind appears to have happened with school integration. The results of the national effort since 1954 to create racially balanced schools are in, according to U.S. Education Commissioner Harold Howe II, and the picture they present is one of failure. The results, where there are results, bear no resemblance to the amount of effort expended to achieve them. The two principal approaches, gradualism, represented by a polite team of blacks and whites who fear to rock the boat, according to Howe, and activism, whose adherents wield neither political power nor professional educational tools, are not working.

Small progress in the South is offset by increasing de facto segregation in the North. The white classmates of a Negro of elementary school age average only slightly more than 15 percent. In the South this falls to around five percent. These figures are helped by the Negro children attending white schools, where their classmates are usually 95 percent white. In the South there are no whites in predominately Negro schools, and in the North it is almost as rare to see a white child in one of the black ghetto schools.

The odd thing is that while we don't think much of this comes as a surprise to anyone, we doubt that very many people would have called it a failure. Mr. Howe has done us all a favor by doing so. His speech on June 18 before a national body of educators and school administrators was eloquent, and all of it needed saying. "The majority of American whites display no likelihood of becoming enthusiastic about school desegregation and the changes it demands in the immediate future. Gradualism . . . has failed, and I think it is fair to say that those who continue to espouse it are fooling themselves and, in many ways, failing our nation."

He called for educators to form a "third front" that would use every professional tool at its disposal to make the schools of the center cities good enough to attract white parents, and use every device to include within each school a cross-section of the social and economic background of the metropolis. This would mean redrawing, on their own initiative as school board administrators, school district boundaries, even though the political boundaries remain the same. Such measures would most likely go against the grain of public officials and suburban taxpayers, but Mr. Howe asked his fellow educators to be willing to put their careers on the line to achieve racially integrated schooling. Otherwise, he stated, "we should admit that American educators are no longer prepared to be the prime movers in American education."

Nothing will change if we continue on our present course. But how, one might ask, are educators different from the rest of Americans on the question of putting their jobs on the line for a noble cause? The problem of educating Negroes and whites is, of course, an educational one, and integration is essential to its success. But the situation of the Negro in this country cannot be reduced to an education problem, or a problem of family instability or unemployment, though all of these are terribly relevant to the situation and must be solved if that situation is to be changed. If Mr. Howe's educators presented the mayors and legislators of this country with a *fait accompli* in school integration, we could be very grateful. But are welfare workers to risk their jobs to break the poverty syndrome that welfare legislation en-

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courages? Are tenants to risk their homes to force slum landlords to repair?

We don't believe the educational problem of Negroes will be solved in isolation from the rest of society's problems; nor will jobs for Negroes come without education; nor better housing outside the ghettos without jobs. The educational problem embraces all these factors and, in the context Mr. Howe is speaking, it is a political problem. It is a failure of a political system when civil servants must risk their jobs instead of politicians. Mr. Howe should talk to his boss.

THE COMING DECISION

"The Church," as one wry comment has it, "has already changed its position on contraception; now it is up to the magisterium to bring its teaching in line with that change." Needless to add, this is an underground comment, for it seems to reverse the ordinary equation (the magisterium teaches, the Church listens). Nonetheless, it is a comment worth taking seriously, for it reflects two widespread convictions: that the Catholic consensus on contraception has in fact changed, and that the teachings of the magisterium should reflect as much as determine the belief of the Church.

The basis of the first point is the discernible uncertainty among many theologians whether the teaching enunciated by Pius XI and affirmed by Pius XII can any longer stand. This uncertainty is amplified by widespread doubts among the faithful; it is increasingly hard to find, anywhere in the Church, a solid conviction that past teachings on contraception remain adequate. The basis of the second point is the theological conviction that the magisterium does not stand apart from the Church, but, instead, is that instrument of authority empowered to articulate and affirm what the Holy Spirit has illuminated the whole Church to believe. Thus it is hardly irrelevant what the people say and do; this is one important index of the "belief of the Church."

Both of these points, of course, fly in the face of much pre-conciliar theology. Though Vatican I affirmed the infallibility of the Church, its more specific emphasis on the infallibility of the Pope as head of the Church tended to make the latter appear as a total substitute for the former. Hence, on contraception as on other issues, it was assumed that authoritative papal statements necessarily precluded any other expression of that infallibility guaranteed the whole Church. Today, to be sure, few theologians claim that the papal injunctions against contraception were infallible pronouncements. But many persist in assuming that a change in papal teaching at this point would necessarily undermine the credibility of papal authority. As Father John J. Lynch, S. J., puts it in the current issue of *Theological Studies*, "to maintain that it [earlier papal teaching] could have been in the circumstances erroneous doctrine would seem to impugn the very providence of God with respect to His Church and her ordinary teaching mission."

This is too extreme a conclusion. A change might indeed "seem to impugn the very providence of God," but only for those who failed to notice that the protection afforded the whole Church is broader than that afforded the papacy. It could thus be argued that the changing consensus within the Church is simply a reflection of this wider protection. To wit: since the Church as a whole has come to doubt the permanent value of early prohibitions against contraceptives, this would show (a) that such prohibitions were not in fact infallible, and (b) that the Holy Spirit is prodding the Church to work out a doctrine which could not so easily be called into question. Alternatively, it would be reasonable to contend that, in calling together a mixed lay-clerical commission to study the question, Pope Paul was implicitly recognizing the need for a decision which could not be called an exclusively "papal" decision, even though he would pass the final word. He was, in other words, consciously repairing to that infallibility granted the whole Church rather than trying to take his stand on papal authority alone.

There is a potential flaw in these arguments, however. It is perfectly possible that those pressing for a change in the Church's teaching on contraception are wrong; and it is not inconceivable that the emerging consensus in favor of change reflects the aberrations of contemporary culture more than the prodding of the Spirit. But these possibilities cannot be taken for granted; they have to be proved, and the fact of earlier papal condemnations of contraception is not sufficient evidence to close the case.

What could decide the issue? A fresh papal pronouncement, expected within a few months, will help. But the Church's experience with the past teachings, now under question, show that few issues are ever closed. Why should anyone expect that it will be any different this time?

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ART-LESS CATHOLICS

'What kind of faith built the National Shrine?'

1966 may come to be known, withal in limited circles, as the year the *Catholic Cold War* was added to the variations on that enduring theme of Commencement addresses. This is the war John Cogley has described as "being waged between many younger leaders among both clergy and laity and the more conservative members of the hierarchy." . . . I would suggest, however, that the

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issues as more or less formally joined are serving rather like lightning rods, releasing the energy of an already overcharged atmosphere. People who are angry or discontent with one another will find something to quarrel about, be it the veneration of Pope Paul's tiara, or the status of the faculty at St. John's. I would suggest further that this anger—unease, discontent, a sense of disharmony—arises from sources much more generalized and possibly more intractable than the issues themselves would suggest. Catholicism in America is increasingly in the grip of a silent crisis that is already serious and will grow more so. Failing better words, I would call it the crisis of intellect in the modern Church.

Clearly this is part of a more general development in American life, but it comes with special impact on the Catholic Church. . . . The distinguishing ideal of the American people, as de Tocqueville saw many years ago, has been equality. But not the equality of leveling, of disestablishment, and communality. The key to the process of equality in America has been the diffusion of privilege. . . . In the present time the most powerful diffusion of all has been that of higher education, soon to be something very near a universal "right." With this has come profound changes not so much in living standards as in standards for living. Qualities of intellect, of taste, of sensibility that have been the possessions of minorities, are coming to be shared by a much larger group. This in turn is bringing about an important revulsion against the aesthetic degradation of American life: the hideousness of it all. . . .

The problem here is that the American Catholic Church does not really seem to be aware that the issue exists.

Aesthetic Degradation

Let me be specific. In some fifteen years of listening seriously I do not believe I have more than once or twice heard an interesting idea delivered from the pulpit of an American Catholic church. This has occurred during a period in which Catholic periodicals, universities, intellectuals have poured forth ideas. But either the pastors do not know this, or they do not know who is in their audience. By and large the homilies pronounced at Sunday Mass in America are an affront to the *taste* as well as the intelligence of an educated layman. . . .

I have never heard a note of contemporary music in an American Catholic church. I have not seen more than three Catholic churches built in the United States during this century that I would consider minimally acceptable as architecture. There are, I realize, some quite important buildings that have gone up, but here as in France they must be sought out: they are hardly to be encountered in a random experience. I have seen exquisite contemporary religious sculpture and painting: in museums. I have never once seen a painting in an American church that dares aspire to modernity.

This is not a matter of scorning or patronizing the taste of others. We are surely past taking in pleasure in that form of meanness. I intend only to say that nowhere in the normally accessable ritual and ceremony of the Catholic Church in America do I find anything that I, as a contemporary man, can respond to as an authentic expression of my time. And I would add that my heart is sick at the thought of who may be at this moment translating the liturgy into American English.

If these conditions persist they will bring on a severe *religious* crisis that will be all the more disastrous because it will not be perceived as such. A Church that does not meet the aesthetic and intellectual expectations of its people will lose their confidence, and thereafter their allegiance just as surely as one that cannot bring them to comprehend and accept its positions on doctrine.

It is a profound failure of understanding, and one perhaps characteristic of Americans, not to see that the issue of aesthetic standards, for example, involves the question of truth just as much as do doctrinal issues. The searing, vibrant beauty of the artifacts, and music, and architecture of the Church in the great ages were not an adornment of faith, they were the mark of faith. Banality attests the absence of grace. Assuming it to be a semantically absurd statement, I nonetheless do not hesitate to declare that the religion that built the cathedral of Notre Dame at Chartres was in some important respects a more true religion than that which built the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception in Washington. The long decline in the aesthetic standards of the Church during the 19th Century surely marked the waning of faith as well, just as the revival of religious art in our time attests an upward swing.

"Nothing," Emerson wrote, "is at last sacred but the integrity of our own mind." What is at stake here is sacredness. The experience of worship in the modern Church must be aesthetically and intellectually convincing or it will lack integrity, and thereby fail as a religious experience.

At the end of May, Pope Paul warned against the pastoral counterpart of the plaster saints, and sick sweet hymns, and instruction to do good nicely that I have been describing. "The overly sentimental, almost exclusively pietistic and devotional temperament of some pastoral methods has caused a grave drop in the practice of religion by men and women, by children and adults," the Pope asserted. Exactly the same holds for the question of aesthetic and intellectual standards, which I would define as intellect, in the manner of Jacques Barzun. Failing to see the dangers of our present condition, we will lose our best and most vibrant souls, and in the end we shall be left with the Holy Name Society and the funeral directors.

Is there any way to bring our bishops and pastors to see this? Surely there must be. The great task of the

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educated laity at this moment is to begin to ask, even to insist on a share in judgments of this kind, on an opportunity to bring into the life of the Church the standards of taste, and rigor and excellence as they are perceived by the best minds and spirits of the age, realizing full well that one never for certain knows who these might be, but with faith in the powers of an informed and disciplined mind to choose wisely more often than not.

Protest is in order. The time has come to walk out on sermons that are so puerile as to threaten the very bases of faith, or at least to arrange gestures of mass inattention. The time has come to demand a look at the plans for the new building, and the catalogue from which the decorations (what other word would do?) are being chosen. The time has come to suffer mediocrity less than gladly: and to make known to those who try harder that we appreciate it more than they may have sensed.

As we respect the authority of the ancient Church, let us ask that the authorities in the Church respect the validity of contemporary measures of taste and intelligence. May we not also ask that some consideration be given to the possibility that through history judgments of this kind have resided almost wholly within the hierarchy for the simple operating reason that for so many centuries there was no art save religious art, and little education save religious education. That being the case, standards of aesthetic and intellectual excellence could safely, indeed could perhaps only be maintained by the priests. But while these matters have everything to do with religion, they involve little that is necessarily the province of the priesthood. Is it not possible that with the advent of an educated laity, the locus of competence in these spheres may indeed have drifted away from the clergy, and may now reside among the laity? We have the right to expect that this is a possibility that is being considered, and that if, in fact, it looks to be the case, something will be done about it. An age of some magnificence could ensue.

DANIEL P. MOYNIHAN

(Daniel P. Moynihan is currently in residence at the Center for Advanced Studies, Wesleyan University. This article is an adaptation of a commencement address delivered at Seton Hill College.)

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MUSTERING IN STOCKHOLM

SOCIALIST CONVENTIONEERS

The 10th Socialist International Congress in Stockholm this May was a study in contrasts. The tone was set in the opening speech by Swedish Prime Minister Tage Erlander (benevolent, rotund, smoothly barbered), who paid homage to the marvelous theories of Keynes. A delegate from the Rhodesian underground ZAPU rose to the floor to present greetings from "our fighting front in the Zimbawe hills." Outside, Sweden rolled on, modern, scrubbed and healthy, the result of 24 years of Socialist Democratic government. Karl Marx, the founder of the International 103 years ago, was not mentioned at all.

The delegates ranged from the struggling to the established, veterans of prisons and of parliaments, the exiled and the exalted from every continent. There was Anna Kethley, Chairman of the Hungarian Social Democratic Party-in-Exile, who looks like everybody's grandmother but who had spent 13 years in prison under both Horthy's fascists and the Communists. She was listed in the Congress roster as a "member of the Hungarian Revolutionary Government." The German delegation was headed by two former anti-Nazi underground members (Willy Brandt and Fritz Erler) who were trying to convince their electorate that they had never been controversial, even in this respect. There was even a British Peer—Lord Chalfont, Labor's Minister for Disarmament.

There were past and present cabinet members from Austria, Costa Rica, Belgium, Israel, Holland, Madagascar, Italy, Mauritius, France, Norway, and Zambia, exiled Socialists from most of the enslaved nations of Eastern Europe, underground leaders from Spain and Portugal, the President of the "Frelimo" guerrilla movement in Mozambique, and the ZAPU delegate.

Could these people communicate to each other, even with the simultaneous translation available in four languages? What experience could stolid Jens Otto Krag, Danish Social Democratic Party Prime Minister, convey to fiery Lee Kuan Yew, People's Action Party Prime Minister of Singapore?

The Congress showed that they did speak a common language, that of uncompromising democracy, but that the International itself is as far from being "this powerful machine . . . for the next revolution" as it was when Karl Marx optimistically called it that a hundred years ago. What it is today is essentially a forum of European Social Democrats heavily involved in government responsibilities with great sympathy for and open communication to the struggling and oppressed Socialists of the rest of the world (who would like to achieve what the benign Swedes showed them in fair Stockholm). And amazingly, despite their divergent problems and backgrounds, the common ideology does bind these democratic socialists.

The Congress functioned on approximately three levels: celebration, criticism, and confidential contacts. Most of the public speeches were celebratory: extolling

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Socialist cooperation in vague and carefully diffuse phrases—the sort of gassy ambiguity that marks the politician in any land. Behind this is the memory of the rifts which plagued the International over its first century: splits with anarchism and Communism, disintegration during each of the World Wars. At present, decisions are no longer even binding on the member parties and every attempt is made to circumvent controversey. Then too, some speeches were obviously aimed at the homeland press and designed not to jeopardize electoral victories or hopes. But the consequence of all this was that generally only a third of the delegates were on the floor for such speeches and many of those physically present turned their headphones off. In short, much of the Congress was a dreadful bore.

The Back Rooms

But the delegates who were absent from the celebratory speeches were not idle. Some of the most fruitful work of the Congress went on in the lobby, in small workshops, and in private sessions. Particularly active were the Western Europeans, constituting a third of the Congress. Labor's George Brown not only made a speech about the Common Market, he also had a chance to confer directly with sympathetic governmental leaders from the member countries about tactical plans for British entry. De Gaulle's opponent, Guy Mollet, could discuss the NATO crisis quietly with Italy's Minister of Defense or the Dutch Foreign Minister. And despite national differences there proved to be near unanimity on many matters among the European Socialists.

They all want increasing economic integration, extending even to the satellite states. They are fervent promoters of West European Unity and bitter about de Gaulle's sabotage of that dream. They deeply desire a strong UN and effective universal disarmament. They are troubled by the slow accumulation rate in underdeveloped countries and want Europe to take the lead in accelerating growth.

In fact the most fundamental and imaginative speeches of the Congress dealt with just these kinds of long-range problems. Here the vagueness disappeared and even the customarv Socialist obsession with intoning values and ideals gave way to crisp pragmatism and thoughtful perspectives. Alva Myrdal, the Swedish disarmament expert, bluntly declared that "if we continue to be so scrupulously guarded about giving up an ounce of the sacred 'balance,' then, Comrades, we are continuously contributing to fortifying the divisions of the world in cold war blocs." Golda Meir, Chairman of Israel's ruling Mapai Party pulled no punches in discussing the problem of prices paid by the industrialized countries for raw materials from underdeveloped lands. Japan's Ikko Kasuga had quite clear suggestions for integrating Communist China into the UN, even down to the concomitant need for Formosan self-determination.

But in addition to the discussions of the future, the private exchanges on the present, and the vapid celebration of the past, there were also direct confrontations between Socialists gripped in struggles outside of Europe and their respectable and accepted counterparts from the birthplace of Democratic Socialism. The appeals for aid and sympathy were based solely on the common ideology of brotherhood and solidarity, and they were generally successful. The Congress gave respectful hearing to all who spoke for the imprisoned, the downtrodden, the hungry. And when the resolutions were finally passed, the old ideological commitment was clearly still valid.

The Congress called for vigorous efforts on disarmament and spelled out explicitly the methods it thought most promising: the creation of nuclear-free zones, increased exchange of technical information on arms control, an extension of the McCloy-Zorin Principles. It demanded a reaffirmation of "the principle of democratic self-determination of peoples and majority rule for all, such emancipation not being complete unless it is accompanied by economic independence." It singled out for condemnation the racist regime in Rhodesia, the war in Vietnam, Portuguese colonialism in Africa, the dictatorship in Haiti, Cuban-directed subversion in Venezuela, Soviet anti-semitism, and most of the other correctable miseries which plague the earth. It pledged its member parties to implement these resolutions in their home countries, in the regional and UN councils, and by direct involvement.

Though these resolutions could not be carried out by the International as such, though they were forceful only as they affect opinion or reiterate commitment, one should not dismiss them lightly. The strength of Democratic Socialism as an ideal is—outside of the USA—a compelling one. As Lee Kuan Yew told the last Congress: "The appeal of an equal society to the dispossessed in Asia and Africa is so powerful that no regime emerging from colonial rule dares call itself a party of the Right." And two years ago a U.S. Information Agency research paper based on world-wide opinion sampling ("The Semantics of Socialism and Capitalism," R-64-64) concluded ruefully that "In the case of 'socialism' the net reaction is favorable in every one of the groups studied."

This perhaps is the chief significance of the Congress of the Socialist International. Not the cautious speeches of the responsible Socialist politicians, not the inadequate machinery of the organization, not even the pragmatic grappling with future global problems, but rather the hope it represents all over the world to millions who have not abandoned belief that this line of reasoning will one day "free the human race." WILLIAM S. ALLEN

(Mr. Allen, a Professor of European History at the University of Missouri, was a Delegate to the 10th Congress of the Socialist International from the Socialist Party/USA.)

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ALL THINGS CONSIDERED

POLITICS AND A POLL

A recent, little-commented-on newspaper poll by Louis Harris seems most significant to me. According to Mr. Harris, "a new kind of class politics is taking shape in America," and he may well be right. At least that is the way it looks if one considers the state of public opinion on civil rights or Vietnam. The most affluent, better educated citizens—the 22% of the population who earn more than $10,000 a year—often express a "liberal" point of view on these subjects. The "conservatives" on these issues, on the other hand, tend to be found in the 34% who make less than $5,000 a year and many of whom have less than an eighth-grade education.

Demonstrations against the Vietnam war, for example, have become increasingly common in recent months, and at the same time it has become clear that many Americans have little regard for the Constitutional protection for such demonstrations. Queried about the rights of such citizen-protests, however, a full 81% of the affluent backed the right to demonstrate, as compared with only 40% of the non-affluent.

At this point no one, of course, can predict what kind of government would emerge in South Vietnam if free elections were held. Ambassador Lodge recently expressed his doubts about the wisdom of holding any national election in the near future, and many Americans share his concern about the possible outcome of such an election. Among the affluent in the Harris poll, though, 60% favored free elections even if the Communists get a place in the government of South Vietnam; on this point only 41% of the non-affluent took the same view. Even on the question of U.N. arbitration of the Vietnam war, something favored by the Administration, only 43% of the less affluent favored such arbitration as compared with 52% of the affluent.

On civil rights issues the differences became even more pronounced. Among the affluent polled, 74% thought most Negroes believe in non-violence; only 37% of the under-$5,000 group held the same view. Similarly, 72% of the over-$10,000 group believed progress has been made in recent years in solving racial problems; only 45% of the less-well-to-do held a similar opinion. 56% of the more affluent favored abolishing the poll tax; only 33% of the less affluent would vote the same way.

The Harris poll indicates that the differences between the two groups go far beyond Vietnam and civil rights, showing up as well on other issues that indicate basic attitudes. Among the affluent, for example, 72% were concerned that the United States has food surpluses while others starve; among the less affluent, only 53% had such concern. Even more striking differences show up on other issues. 68% of the more prosperous group felt the space program is worth the cost, for example; only 28% of the less affluent shared the conviction. 66% of the former group felt concern over the way the American Indian has been treated; only 35% of the latter group cared. 54% of the $10,000-and-up group believed the John Birch Society is harmful to the United States; only 48% of the under-$5,000 group felt the same way. On air and stream pollution, 50% of the first group were concerned, compared with only 36% of the latter group.

A definite difference even showed up in attitudes toward such innocent non-conformity as beard-wearing, and in fact perhaps this attitude of intolerance is most significant of all. 45% of the more affluent thought young men with beards are harmful—a surprising enough figure—but a full 61% of the less affluent took a dim view of beards. Interestingly enough, only 26% of the affluent thought women wearing bikinis are harmful, while 52% of the poor took a more puritan view.

All these findings, of course, raise still further questions. The usual assumption has been that the "liberals" and the less well-to-do worked in some kind of rough alliance for common goals. This was in essence the shape of the Roosevelt winning combination. For some time, though, the suspicion has been growing that this is no longer so, a suspicion nurtured by the sight of racist union members, in the North and in the South, and by working-class Goldwaterites making common cause with the rich oilmen of the ultra-right. The Harris poll would tend to support this suspicion, even though those polled have not yet drawn the logical conclusions of their views in politics.

So far, the affluent and less-affluent revert to type when it comes to a question of party loyalty. Thus when asked how they plan to vote in next November's Congressional elections, only 32% of the affluent said they intended to vote Democratic; 63% of the less affluent expressed their preference for the Democrats. On the other hand, 68% of the affluent favor the Republicans, as compared with only 37% of the less affluent.

In other words, those with the "more liberal" views on a host of questions put to them by Mr. Harris still favor the more conservative party; those with the "more conservative" views continue to support the more liberal party. I suppose this illogical alignment can continue for a while, but it is hard to see how it can survive indefinitely. And if the great awakening and consequent change-over in loyalty does take place, this country will experience a revolution in party loyalty such as has not been seen in a long, long time.

JAMES O'GARA

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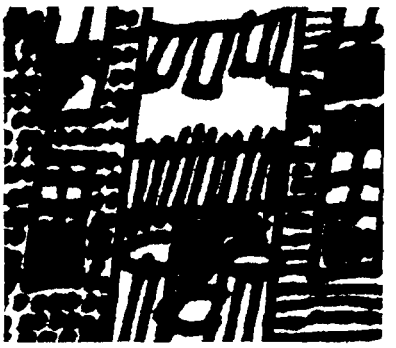

SHRIVER'S LIMITED WAR

How much has it altered the social structure?

SIDNEY LENS

"The national war on poverty," wrote Sargent Shriver recently, "is now in its eighteenth month. And we are winning that war. Not as rapidly as we would like to but faster than we thought possible . . ." We have taken, he says, "the first giant stride . . . of the journey." This is flawless institutional advertising, sturdily supported by round-number statistics.

In this year and a half jobs have been provided for a half million teenagers through Neighborhood Youth Corps projects; 5,000 grants have been made for Community Action Projects; 600,000 pre-school youngsters have benefited from the Head Start program; more than 30,000 people of various ages have indicated a desire to join Volunteers in Service to America (VISTA); 300,000 teenagers are trying to get into the Job Corps and 20,000 are actually in the process of being trained. All-told this initial effort "has reached more than three million poor people directly with jobs and other kinds of services they did not have before." Together with the improvement in the economy it has resulted in a decrease of the number of poor in this short time by a whopping 2.2 million.

The figures are impressive, indicating that Shriver has squeezed quite a bit out of a $2 billion expenditure. But what does it really add up to? The 300,000 jobs made by the Neighborhood Youth Corps are temporary. And so is the status of those added to payrolls only because of the additional $12.8 billion spent on the Vietnam war, and the 300,000 more drafted into the armed services. How many of the poor who have become "un-poor" as a result of these exceptional circumstances will remain that way, Mr. Shriver does not discuss. Furthermore, welfare, community action projects, youth work, job training and similar activities are nothing particularly new. If they are being increased and accelerated that is all to the good, but, as Christopher Jencks observes in the *New Republic*, the whole effort "consists almost entirely of old programs aimed at traditional objectives." In a sense what is happening is that certain services and charities are being nationalized. As of 1964 only one out of every five poor, 7.3 million, were getting public assistance payments. The anti-poverty program, therefore, has a large field in which to graze. But is it really abolishing poverty or offering a few palliatives to 34 million poor whose poverty is becoming hereditary?

Unemployment among the Negro poor, for instance, is twice that of the whites, and teenage Negroes in particular are finding it so difficult to find work that almost a quarter of them lack jobs. Shriver's figures would be more convincing if they told us how much of this problem has been whittled away. Instead of questionable statistics he would have been wiser to concentrate on *social patterns*. How much social change has the anti-poverty program brought about? How much has it altered the *structure* of a society that has bred poverty all these years?

As of last year the one-fifth of the population at the bottom of the ladder, those earning less than $2,500, received only 4.1 percent of the national cash income, while the one-fifth at the top, with incomes of $10,000 a year or more, hauled away 51.3 percent. The share of the lower fifth has actually declined somewhat. How does the anti-poverty program propose to reverse this trend? A simple solution would be to drastically re-distribute income so that the share of the lower fifth would be, say, 12 percent and the upper fifth 43 percent—that would

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be a true anti-poverty program. But that is not at all what Mr. Shriver or the President is contemplating.

Mollie Orshansky, writing in the *Social Security Bulletin*, claims that it would take only $12 billion to bring the poor up to $3,000 a year per family, and if you add the "near-poor" (those earning less than $78 a week for a family of four), the total would be $21.5 billion. Last year the gross national product went up by $48 billion. Why then doesn't the government *redistribute income* so that more of the Gross National Product would accrue to those in need?

The answer of course is that this runs counter to President Johnson's philosophy. The President is willing to spend a billion and a half a year for the poor, but he evidently has no intention of changing the *relationship* between poor and rich. The $11.5 billion tax cut of 1964, for instance, provided a boon of $2.5 billion for business (in addition to tax benefits in previous years of $5 billion annually), plus large savings for affluent individuals. Those in the $2,000 to $4,000 bracket were given a reduction of 13.6 percent; those in the $200,000 bracket, 23 percent. The one-eighth of the taxpayers who earn $10,000 a year or more harvested 45 percent of the tax cut. A little for the poor, a lot for the rich seems to have been the underlying motif. But what sense did it make to introduce an anti-poverty program when far more could have been accomplished not only for the poor but the economy as a whole by giving the *whole* tax cut to the lower-income groups. Not only would many millions of those below $60 a week have raised themselves above the poverty level, but because most of the saved taxes would have gone into the purchase of consumer goods (instead of winding up in bank vaults or investment funds) the economy itself would have been given a much greater spurt.

Other measures that could have relieved poverty include:

1.) Covering the two million agricultural workers with the benefits of the National Labor Relations Act, so that they could organize into powerful unions.

2.) Abolishing the "secondary boycott" provisions of the Taft-Hartley Act so that strong unions could come to the aid of farm, service, retail and other poor workers.

3.) Raising the minimum wage law appreciably—say to $2 an hour—and above all including not seven but all 17 million of those not covered.

4.) Raising unemployment compensation to 80 or 100 percent of average wages (a measure once contemplated by members of Rex Tugwell's team during the New Deal), and making compensation indefinite as long as unemployment lasts.

5.) Guaranteeing those incapable of work an adequate annual income as a matter of right without the degrading tests of local welfare agencies.

6.) Providing service jobs at union wages for the four percent of the work force still unemployed.

7.) Improving social security so that the aged could live at their previous living standards.

The effect of such measures of course would be to redistribute income, to make our society more egalitarian. This would be a real "first giant stride . . . of the journey," but neither Mr. Johnson nor Mr. Shriver are thinking in these terms. Their sights are focused on *ameliorating* want, not extirpating poverty.

Mr. Shriver is certainly not, as some extremists say, a capitalist ogre, nor has President Johnson failed to deal with some of the points raised here, such as increasing minimum wages, widening the coverage, adding to social security. But philosophically they are wedded to the idea of improving the lot of the poor without disturbing the prerogatives of the rich.

Such a philosophy presents many pitfalls. First of all there is the matter of economic downturn. The present boom, mostly fed by the fuel of military expenditures, can come to a quick end if peace should "break out," or for other reasons. History proves that in recessions (or depressions) the burden is shifted on the powerless poor. There is no guarantee that this won't happen again, for there are no mechanisms in our social structure—such as guaranteed jobs or guaranteed incomes—that offer the impoverished a floor of protection.

Secondly, it is not clear how the anti-poverty program proposes to alter the patterns of dependency that are now such a distinguishing characteristic of being poor. The man in want who now depends on social workers from his welfare office will soon be depending more on social workers and others subsidized by the national government. Theoretically the poor themselves are supposed to be a major part of the decision-making process in the war against poverty. But in reality they are almost universally excluded. They remain, as before, powerless—dependent.

Here, alas, is a pivotal point that the federal administration will not, perhaps cannot, grapple with. When all is said and done the essence of a war against poverty is power—power to force through economic concessions and hold onto them, power to desegregate segregated communities, power to achieve equal education, power to abolish job-sharks, power to break into high-paying skilled jobs, power to unionize service and agricultural jobs, power to enforce housing codes and eliminate slums, power to break "patterns of dependency" and the degrading practices of relief and social agencies. To gain such power the poor find themselves arrayed against the local political barons—the very elements who are sheltered under the President's wing. Here, unfortunately, is the ultimate contradiction of the anti-poverty program, that it buttresses local power elites whose power must be weakened if the status quo is really to be changed.

Consider Chicago, where the Chicago Committee on Urban Opportunity has received more money per capita that any other major city. Here the program is squarely locked into Mayor Richard J. Daley's politics of the

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status quo, and is headed by a "safe" Negro named Deton J. Brooks. Brooks sees to it that jobs with his agency are doled out as patronage to Daley's machine and that the more militant groups representing the poor are screened out of decision-making. The Woodlawn Organization (TWO), a coalition of 104 organizations representing 33,000 Negro families, was left out of the steering committee that presumably guided CCUO's destiny. So was JOIN (Jobs or Income Now), a project of the Students for a Democratic Society, which works among poor whites. So were other forces. On the original steering committee of 25, only two were Negro and no one active in the civil rights movement. Most were either businessmen or representatives of public agencies.

The bitterness of many poor at Chicago's program is reflected in TWO's paper. "The Chicago Committee on Urban Opportunity," it says, "is the colonial power, and we black people are its 'natives.'" Millions of dollars, TWO claims, are going into programs that "do nothing to break up Chicago's ghetto. Little jobs are being handed out by the thousands, with the obvious intent of making people more content with staying exactly where they are. Is any poverty money being spent to crack the segregating housing market? Is any poverty money being used to crack segregated school boundaries? Is any poverty money being spent to force the craft unions to admit Negroes? No, the men who make the decisions about where poverty money goes in Chicago do not want to break up the ghetto. The program handed down to Chicago Negroes really robs us of our dignity and manhood. The ghetto gates are barred shut."

TWO experts ask why the anti-poverty program does not take aggressive action to move large numbers of Negroes into white areas, or why there is not more work available for them in skilled union crafts. A few jobs or job training, they say, is meaningless unless the *patterns of power* in a city like Chicago are broken down. But that is precisely what CCUO and Daley have no intention of doing. The anti-poverty program, instead of adding to the power of the poor Negro and the poor white, makes him even more dependent on those who have kept him in second-class status for decades. "The so-called War on Poverty," says TWO, "is actually a war against the poor."

Perhaps it was not meant to be this way. Perhaps Mr. Shriver—certainly some of the people around him—intended it to be otherwise. But the poor are not gaining political power through the anti-poverty program; on the contrary they are becoming even more frustrated. And without political power they cannot batter down the facade of slums, miseducation, job discrimination, that keeps them in want and inferior status. As one JOIN leader puts it: "The anti-poverty program is just another form of handout." It does not foster social change; it has become another device for sustaining the status quo.

India—a fragile unity

RUPEES AND RICE

GEORGE WOODCOCK

In all large countries one's view on social and political issues are conditioned by geography, by the place from which one's bearings are taken, and this is particularly so in India, where unity is new and precarious and regional attitudes are strong. On my most recent visit I arrived in Delhi during the uneasy interval between the ceasefire that ended the Indo-Pakistan war, and the meeting in Tashkent which established a face-saving formula by means of which the two exhausted combatants might live together, at least for the next few years, without abandoning on either side those claims to Kashmir which both Indian and Pakistani leaders regard as necessary for internal propaganda.

The atmosphere in the capital during those days of early December was still belligerent. Since Partition sent the Sikhs fleeing out of Pakistan in 1947, Delhi has become very largely a Punjabi city, and the Punjabis regarded the recent conflict with Pakistan as in a peculiar sense their war. Outside Kashmir itself, most of the warfare—and certainly the most destructive warfare—took place in their native province, and the Sikh holy city of Amritsar was threatened and actually bombed. Most of the fighting was done by Punjabi soldiers, very conscious that they were on their own soil, and the inhabitants of the districts immediately behind the lines not only assisted the army with transport, but also prepared for guerrilla tactics, with spears and kirpans if necessary, in the event of a Pakistani breakthrough towards Delhi. There was also a thought of revenge; it was something of a disappointment to Punjabis that Lahore, the capital of the great Sikh king Ranjit Singh, was not wrested from Mos-

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lem rule. They consoled themselves by talking of the magnificent way in which the small Indian-made tanks had outmaneuvered the great American war machines operated by the Pakistanis, and I often heard remarks of this kind: "What a good thing the invasion took place where it did. If it had happened on the eastern frontier, the Bengalis would never have shown that kind of spirit!"

At this time it was highly unwise to make even a suggestion in Delhi that there might be something in the Pakistani demand for a plebiscite in Kashmir. Any such remark ranged one with the enemies of India, who at that time were seen as including not only Pakistan and China, but also Britain and the United States who, for reasons of their own, according to their Delhi critics, wished to manipulate supplies in such a way as to keep India always dependent and to prevent it from ever gaining a real ascendancy in the sub-continent. "Encirclement" was a word one often heard in Delhi at that time, and used with serious intent; there was more than a touch of mass paranoia in the air. The only major power not suspected of having a part in the game against India was Russia, and this is perhaps one of the reasons why the Tashkent meeting was practicable.

The Punjabis represented the peak of belligerence in India at this time, and their attitude had an importance that went beyond either the Punjab or the Punjabi beachhead in Delhi. One of the results of the Indo-Pakistani conflict has been to enhance the prestige of the armed forces as well as their real power, and in the armed forces Punjabis and particularly Sikhs now hold many of the key positions, and wield an influence that undoubtedly goes beyond military affairs. Certain ministries have been heavily infiltrated by members of the Sikh army families, and the recent decision of Mrs. Gandhi's government to accede to Sikh demands for a separate state, after years of stubborn refusal by both Nehru and Shastri, was undoubtedly due to the increased influence within central governmental circles of this small but dynamic minority.

From Delhi I went immediately to the far south of India, to the small state of Kerala on the Malabar coast, and there I stayed for three months. In Kerala's green little capital of Trivandrum the Indo-Pakistani conflict, taking place more than a thousand miles away, had aroused only the slightest ripples of interest. "The only time we ever got excited," said a local professor of political science, "was when a rumor started to circulate that the Pakistanis had bombed Cochin Harbor. For two days we were very belligerent, but then the rumor was disproved, and our patriotism vanished."

Indeed, my stay in Kerala only reinforced the impressions I had previously held of the relative weakness of the nationalist urge in Southern India. Four years before I had found people in Mysore and Madras acutely critical of the invasion of Goa, and even the outbreak of open conflict between India and China did not greatly stimulate the growth of ultra-patriotic sentiments in the Dravidian states. This was shown in the Kerala election of March, 1965, when the Communist (Marxist) Party, the left-wing group that followed the Peking line, received almost as many votes as the undivided party had done when the elections of 1957 brought it into power, and emerged as the largest party in a legislature which, for this among other reasons, the Delhi government never allowed to meet, substituting a period of President's rule which is not likely to end until the India-wide elections of 1967, when many observers believe that the Communists may once again win the absolute majority that enabled them to form a state government in 1957.

The relative Communist success in Kerala in 1965 took place in spite of the fact that the party had been denounced as unpatriotic, that 29 of the 40 elected Communist representatives were and remained in detention under the defense security regulations, and that the leader, E.M.S. Namboodiripad, publicly declared that there was justice in the Chinese claims along the McMahon line and that it was pointless to engage in war and allow the nation's resources to be consumed in military expenditures over a stretch of border territory. To my surprise, I found that it was not only Communists who talked in this way in South India. Even the war with Pakistan was seen with unavoidable objectivity.

Indian Unity Still Fragile

The fact is that Indian political unity is still a fragile thing. This the central government clearly realized when it recently declared criminally seditious any advocacy of secession from India as now constituted. This has not prevented the DMK, the Dravidian extremist group, from remaining a power in Madras state, just over the mountains from Kerala, and, though it is no longer stated explicitly, everyone knows that the DMK stands for a separate Dravidian nation in South India. Such movements are the extreme expression of an abiding southern resentment of the centralist tendencies of the national administration in Delhi; this is an element even in the success of the Communists there. The late Prime Minister Shastri's ill-conceived attempt to establish Hindi as the only officially recognized national language has not been forgotten. One still sees slogans painted on the walls in Trivandrum and Cochin—"Down with Hindi! Up with English!" It was a college principal in Ernakulum who first used a phrase which I heard often afterwards—"Hindi imperialism."

To most Indians outside Delhi, Bombay and Calcutta, international and even national issues are still less important than local issues, and in many parts of India over the past year the most important question of all has been that of food. Before I went south from Delhi last December, Frank Moraes, the editor of the *Indian Express* and one of the shrewdest journalists in the country, remarked to me, "Do not assume that it is all a question of shortage.

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You will find there are other factors involved."

I found his warning just. To begin, for the last few generations at least, there has been a constant shortage of food for tens of millions of Indians, based not on inadequate supplies, but on the lack of purchasing power. A third of the population of overcrowded Kerala (which has a density of 1,200 persons per square mile) is perpetually either unemployed or underemployed, and these people suffer a perpetual malnutrition which needs some more radical remedy than occasional handouts. The same applies to other regions of India, and especially to those which have been in the news recently as crisis areas, Rajasthan and Orissa. Significantly, one recent report from Orissa blamed the near-famine conditions not so much on the poorness of the crops as on the fact that this has thrown many landworkers out of occupation and left them without money to buy the food that was available.

I do not, of course, propose to deny that the general food situation in India has deteriorated, partly because of the failure to improve farming methods and increase the area of cultivated land quickly enough to keep pace with growing population and also—another important point—with the expectations that grow as education spreads. Furthermore, over the last few years, the rainfall has been steadily decreasing in various parts of India.

The crop most affected by these conditions has been rice, which needs much water for its cultivation, and this has meant that regions which normally have a surplus of this grain, like Mysore and Andhra, were unable to put aside so much as in the past for deficiency regions like Kerala. Rice rationing had been established some time ago, and in Kerala during December and early January, the rice ration was brought down by rapid stages to four ounces per person per day. Other farinacious foods were available, particularly tapioca, and there was a fair supply of wheat grain and later of wheat flour. But, in south India as in other parts of Asia, the eating of rice has a certain social importance. Tapioca and millet are regarded as foods of poor and low caste people. Wheat is an unfamiliar food, associated with north Indians; in one Kerala town I found the local Collector and his assistants carrying on a notably unsuccessful campaign to persuade people to buy wheat flour, of which large quantities were lying unsold in warehouses at a price little more than half that of rice. And so, when the demonstrations broke out, the cry was not "We want food!" but "We want rice!"

The political parties seized on the situation, bidding against each other in their demands, the Communists coming out with the highest of all, for 12 ounces of rice per person per day. A simple calculation shows that such a demand was mere propaganda and had no relation to the situation of the people most in need, the submerged third of the population. 12 ounces per day for a family of four (small by Kerala standards) would mean about 1½ kilos, which, at current prices, would cost rather more than 2 rupees (45 cents); most working Keralans earn 2 rupees or less a day per family to provide for all their needs. Such people went on eating their customary diet of tapioca with a little rice and less fish, and suffered only because prices had risen. Significantly, I noticed that there were few poor landworkers or fishermen among the demonstrators whom I saw marching and throwing a few stones for the sake of appearance in towns like Calicut and Trichur; most of the active participants were schoolboys between ten and sixteen, out for a lark and led by a few older youths, mainly from the Communist student organization.

The Indian food problem is thus not only gigantic, but also very complex. It involves not only getting enough supplies from abroad to keep things going during the next few years, but also a far wider program of modernizing agricultural methods and increasing irrigation and water conservation than has so far been attempted. It also calls for special education to make Indians less conservative in their food habits. But such measures will only remove food shortage in its acute form. To remove the chronic shortage that keeps so many people on the edge of starvation through lack of money, the revolutionary task of raising the floor of real incomes for at least half the people of India has to be faced more seriously than ever before. The comparatively slow progress in all these directions during the 19 years since liberation does not justify an optimistic hope of rapid success. Yet no country can live indefinitely by makeshift solutions to problems of this kind without running the risk of social explosions which, given the sudden violences of which normally passive Indians are occasionally capable, might have appalling consequences.

In all this the central government takes the greater share of the responsibility and receives most of the blame, largely because of the form it has evolved during the two decades of independence, becoming steadily more unitary. The change has come about for three main reasons.

Power of the Purse

First, the most remunerative taxes, customs and excise and income tax, are all in the hands of the central government, and the amount of cash which the states control independently is very limited. Indian state governments,

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in other words, are dependent on Delhi for funds to finance any major industrial, agricultural or power developments which they may consider necessary, and such developments can only be carried out with the sanction of the Planning Commission, an extra-parliamentary body staffed with alumni of the London School of Economics which, as its critics complain, is not even sanctioned by the constitution, but which enjoys immense powers and against whose ukases there is virtually no appeal. Not merely are public schemes centrally controlled in this way. Private enterprises that wish to set up new factories or to expand existing plants must work within the Five-Year Plans and obtain licenses from Delhi. This process involves elephantine bureaucratic delays, and some critics assert in addition that the large capitalist combines, like the industrial empires of Birla and Tata, who contribute heavily to Congress campaign funds, can and do influence licensing policy to inhibit competition from less powerful enterprises.

The third factor which has led to the concentration of power has been the double war situation which has developed over the past four years, the conflicts with China and then Pakistan, which Delhi has used to justify the introduction of regulations, and even the revival of former British ordinances, which place powers in the hands of the central government that inevitably circumscribe regional and personal rights and liberties.

In part these developments, disquieting as they are, have been caused by unavoidable circumstances. But powerful groups have taken advantage of them to promote centralization consciously. These include the élite corps of the Indian Administrative Service, the heir to the Indian Civil Service of British days, whose members control most of the high administrative posts and largely shape government policy. In their centralist tendencies they have been encouraged by the military officer caste, with whom they tend to mingle socially and even maritally. The political leaders on the whole are less well-educated and less westernized than the bureaucrats and the officers.

Yet the Congress leaders need few lessons in authoritarianism. Congress itself may look like a crumbling monolith, but it is still a monolith, despite the many diverse interests it embraces, and the important decisions are reached by a narrowing group of leaders. The choices of both Lal Bahadur Shastri and Indira Gandhi as prime minister were effected by small inner caucuses, dominated by a few men like Kamaraj, Chavan and Nanda. Within this inner group the intention of retaining strong centralized control over both party and country is dominant, and there are so far no signs of Mrs. Gandhi's attempting to depart from the established pattern.

It is true that this trend towards a paternalist and rather intolerant centralism fits into the historical tradition of Delhi and of North India in general. On the whole, North Indians tend to accept the situation without very great complaint. But the imperialism that emanated from the great northern plains, going back through the Great Moghuls to the Guptas and Asoka, always grew weak as it travelled southward towards the Dravidian lands and eastward towards Bengal and Assam, and it is these regions which tend to resent the power of the central government.

Such a situation plays into the hands, on the right, of reactionary separatist groups like the DMK and of traditionalist parties like the Jan Sangh, and, on the left, of the Communists. In Kerala the present tactical concerns of the Communist Party are concentrated on local issues, from the smallest village problem upwards, and their superb grassroots organization, which is far more efficient than those of other parties, enables them to operate very effectively on this level. But their grand and ultimate strategy in India is to take over the machine of power which others are shaping in Delhi, and, ironically, they are using regional discontent with centralized government to propel them towards that end.

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SISTER MAURA, S.S.N.D.

PRESENT TENSE

When Queen Hatshesut reigned
in the New Kingdom of the Nile,
she wore amulets jeweled
with inlay of tile

smooth torquoise and red
jasper. Her fingers played
on the lapislazuli
while a slave's hand stayed

and let the lutestring
fragility of sound
from a high-domed carapace
of the turtle found

in the river shallows.
Under museum glass
are amulet and shell.
Staring, the viewers pass:

Queen Hatshesut with
the slave lad—more real
than the weightless
downward reel

through sun god space
when astronauts heard
Oriental music crying
like some experimenting bird.

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THE UNDERCOVER PLAY

THE STAGE

After watching a boy deciding whether to turn into a dog or possibly a left sneaker ("The Biscuit," at the Circle in the Square), and a somewhat older one setting up housekeeping in bed, on a semi-permanent basis, surrounded by Hollywood memorabilia ("Undercover Man," at the Actors Playhouse), and in fact a whole season of quaint problems in whimsical settings, I have begun to wonder about the world of off-Broadway and the whole question of subject matter.

The immediately striking thing is the hermetic privacy of so many off-Broadway themes. The public world does not enter them at any point—or if it does, the entry is itself private and artificial, like the undercover man's blown-up photo of Garbo. Elizabeth Hardwick has called the American Theater bourgeois for roughly the same reason: its sweeping rejection of the public and political. And nowhere is this rejection more complete than in the avant-garde theater of off-Broadway.

No doubt, the recoil from thesis plays is still in operation—kept active by the frequent arrival of thesis plays from England, which sometimes have the look of animated pamphlets (for some reason, thesis plays from Bertolt Brecht look different). The English are still worried about class, which we have left far behind. We have advanced to the point where we worry about boys turning into sneakers.

It seems unlikely that we have really exhausted the dramatic possibilities of social stress. A "public" play does not in fact need to be a thesis play at all (though given our present mental habits, we would probably read thesis into it) or a political one, in the narrow sense. What it does require, though, is a public imagination—and by this is meant not simply a polite interest and a willingness to sign things, but a sense of politics, of how things work when more than a few people are involved in them; and beyond that, a sense of life going on outside this particular bedroom or bathroom and forcing its way through the cracks. And it is this public imagination which seems to be lacking, even by implication, in the new plays.

So much has our political interest dwindled, in fact, that many playwrights seem happy to dispense with relationships altogether. It is not uncommon to see two characters drifting around the stage like somnambulists, discussing their own hang-ups without reference to the other person at all. This is a refinement of the private play—for even a private play, if it contains working relationships, can have public implications. Harold Pinter, for instance, is an expert at miniature parables. Chekhov who once seemed almost too mild an influence on our stage, comes on like a slashing political cartoonist compared with our current crop.

For these plays imply virtually nothing beyond themselves (unless it be that America is turning into a dog or that staying in bed is a paradigm for our national life). Their sights are trained on the individual psyche, as though the individual psyche existed in a vacuum and were not also a locus for social forces: and because of this limited view, they are dubious guides even to the individual psyche. For instance, the kind of people who cannot get out of bed are radically different, I believe, from the fellow in "Undercover Man." (The evidence is less clear on boys who turn into sneakers.) The bedfellow is simply an ingenious fantasy. And if he has no bearing either private or public, we have to wonder eventually why we are being told about him at all.

This is not meant to be a red-necked plea for objectivism in art. The trouble is not with the subjective as such but with the shriveling of the public sector within our subjectivity. If you consider, say, the amount of Dublin, of public life, embedded in James Joyce's psyche, you will see the comparative poverty of our own imaginative life. The hyper-private world of suburban house and city apartment, the specialization of social contact (people never seeing anyone but colleagues, etc.), the absence of street-life and of general public concourse—these are beginning to show up on our stage, and to weaken even our dream-life.

If we fantasize public life these days, it is usually a fantasy based on second-hand sources: newspapers, satire magazines, pictures of President Johnson. It is like sitting in Plato's cave watching the shadows dance. The only thing we can still write about first-hand is the world of private experience: but even this needs to be fed from outside.

As Miss Hardwick suggests (I hope I am not distorting her words) this is the culmination of bourgeois experience. Whether this problem afflicts the nation at large is a question for another columnist. What interests me here is the apparent bourgeoisification of avant-garde playwrights, too many of whom sound like men trapped in isolation booths. What distinguishes one from another

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is not the sense of truth, or what Shaw called the moral passion, but simple eccentricity of imagination.

And judging from the audiences in off-Broadway houses, an isolation booth is exactly what they do work in a good deal of the time. WILFRID SHEED

THATAWAY

THE SCREEN

Westerns, with their fast action and potential for displaying magnificent American scenery, have long been one type of film in which cinema excels. Lately, with the scarcity of this genre on the big screens, moviegoers had decided that westerns went thataway—to TV where they appear in serial after serial in the little box. So fans devoted to these horse operas will be glad to know that now playing in their theaters are three new westerns, all big, star-studded, with handsome color photography of stunning locations, and with themes somewhat up-dated from the old-fashioned cowboy-and-Indian level.

Besides some very exciting battle scenes between the Apaches and the U. S. Cavalry, "Duel at Diablo" has a plot that is more complicated than usual. And two of its complications have to do with miscegenation: James Garner, portraying a tough, weather-beaten scout, is determined to avenge his Indian wife who was scalped by a white man; Swedish Bibi Andersson, portraying in her first American movie the wife of a mean freighter (Dennis Weaver), is determined to rescue from the Apaches her baby whose Apache father is now dead. But more startling than the miscegenation themes (which have been used before in westerns) is the presence of Sidney Poitier in the second-leading role as a seller and trainer of wild horses. He gives another of his fine performances and his color is never mentioned. The running antagonism between Bill Travers, as an insecure and over-ambitious lieutenant, and the horse trader is not due to Poitier's being Negro but to his now being an ex-army civilian.

Director Ralph Nelson, who also produced "Duel" with Fred Engel, has handled his good cast well, and the action sequences are done on a grand scale. If the motivations are not always entirely clear and if the revenge motif gets a touch tiresome, these weaknesses are more than offset by the assets in "Duel," a fast-moving western whose characters are not just bad guys and good guys.

Revenge and miscegenation turn up again in "Nevada Smith." In fact almost the entire plot of this 128-minute film set in the 1890s is concerned with the schemes and adventures of a young man as he tracks down the three gunslingers who tortured and killed his white father and Indian mother. Moviegoers who saw "The Carpetbaggers" (heaven help them) will remember that the character played by Alan Ladd was a cowboy movie star with a mysterious past. "Nevada Smith" reveals the past of this naive, unschooled young fellow, whose name was then Max Sand and whose only interest, an obsession really, was to get revenge on his parents' brutal killers.

Max, a tough, foolish, single-minded kid well played by Steve McQueen, meets up with Jonas Cord (Brian Keith), a rather likable gunsmith who befriends the boy, unsuccessfully tries to dissuade him from his mission, and then teaches him how to use a gun. Then out in the far west, Max kills off the first of his three victims (Martin Landau) with a knife. Max catches up with the second of the killers (Arthur Kennedy) deep in a Louisiana swamp prison where Max got himself jailed knowing the man was there. During their planned escape, Max disposes of him. Then it takes Max some five years to track down his third man (Karl Malden), and it even seems for a while as if Max will be stopped in his killing bent by a mission priest (Raf Vallone) who tries to teach the misguided youth the futility of vengeance.

Producer-director Henry Hathaway treats "Nevada Smith" as if it were one of the great epics of all times—instead of just a simple story of a revenge-minded fool. Hathaway has directed his good cast well enough, but the picture moves so slowly as it dwells on lovely mountainous California scenery and a few minor side issues in the plot that we lose patience with the film and Max himself long before he becomes Nevada Smith. Despite an interesting pursuit, 128 minutes of revenge is too much.

Since I've always looked on John Ford's "Stagecoach" as one of my favorite films, I approached the re-make of it with something less than enthusiasm. So I was pleasantly surprised when the new "Stagecoach," produced by Martin Rackin and directed by Gordon Douglas turned out to be so interesting. The screenplay by Joseph Landon is based on the old screenplay by Dudley Nichols which in turn was based on an Ernest Haycox short story; and the new picture generally follows the themes of the old: a group of ill-assorted people are thrown together and pushed through a series of dangers on the Cheyenne-bound stage that brings out the best and worst in them.

Unless I'd seen the 1939 Ford "Stagecoach" again recently, it would be unfair to compare the two movies too closely. What I remember mainly from the Ford picture is the fine, almost poetic feeling of motion as the stage made its way through thick and thin. The new version doesn't have this poetry, but it does have some good performances by Bing Crosby as the hard-drinking doctor, Alex Cord (in the John Wayne role) as the convict bent on revenge, Bob Cummings as the bank thief, and several others. Ann-Margret as the dance-hall floozy is remarkably good, but Claire Trevor in this role was superb and unforgettable. On the whole, this "Stagecoach" is still worth taking a trip on. PHILIP T. HARTUNG

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BOOKS

Who are the true children of God's election?

Torah and Gospel

EDIT. PHILIP SCHARPER

Sheed & Ward, $6

RICHARD L. RUBENSTEIN

This is a difficult book to review. It is the record of a significant encounter between Catholic and Jewish scholars which took place at St. Vincent's Archabbey, Latrobe, Pennsylvania in January, 1965. It contains the papers presented at the dialogue in addition to a very helpful contribution by the Most Rev. John J. Wright, Bishop of Pittsburgh, who could not be present. The difficulty in attempting a review resides in the fact that very human hopes and fears were at work among the participants which a non-participant can only surmise. In some respects, the written record must be regarded as the skeleton of a very important meeting between good men who were painfully aware of both the inherited bitterness of almost two thousand years duration as well as the urgent need to overcome that bitterness, at least on the human level.

At the heart of the terrible memories lies perhaps the deepest possible source of human conflict, the question of who is the well-beloved child of the Father. The papers make it very apparent that neither the Jews nor the Catholics present could renounce the claims of their respective traditions. Chosenness and election, the question of true people of God, separates Catholic and Jew at every level of religious and personal affirmation. In Jewish eyes, *Torah* is the sufficient and final expression of God's covenant with Abraham's progeny. It is precisely this claim which the Church must ultimately reject in its assertion that *Torah* can only be properly understood as preparation for *Gospel*. It is not surprising that devoted men in both traditions continue to despair of any possibility of theological dialogue.

As one reads *Torah and Gospel*, it becomes impossible not to wonder whether, after all, theological dialogue is really possible between Catholics and Jews. No Orthodox Rabbi contributed to the symposium. Rabbi Arthur Gilbert dismisses the suggestion that their absence was based upon valid theological grounds. He maintains in his afterword that their refusal to participate was motivated "by an understandable defensiveness and fear." It would be unfortunate were Orthodox objections to be dismissed so lightly.

The normative position of contemporary Orthodoxy has been formulated by Rabbi Joseph B. Soloveitchik, the preeminent interpreter of Jewish tradition on the North American continent. Rabbi Soloveitchik contends that meaningful dialogue can take place between Christian and Jew in the application of religious insight to matters of common social concern; he does not believe that such dialogue can take place in matters of theology. Jews and Catholics can be enlightened by greater understanding of each other's traditions. This is an important exercise in mutual edification. It is not dialogue. It lacks the first prerequisite of dialogue, a willingness to modify one's position in the light of the insights of those with whom one converses.

Dialogue in the true sense is not unrelated to dialectic. Out of the *yes* and *no* of contending positions, real dialectic yields a new synthesis. Insofar as Catholic and Jew each regard themselves as the true children of God's election, Rabbi Soloveitchik's strictures cannot be ignored. There are undoubtedly upright and honorable men who maintain a position similar to Rabbi Soloveitchik's on the Catholic side. Until these men are willing to enter dialogue—and I suspect that time will never come—we must face the fact that the entire enterprise is theologically problematic on both sides.

Nevertheless, it was good that the scholars met at St. Vincent's and Sheed and Ward has performed an important service in making their papers more generally available. We need to expose ourselves to each other. Religious affirmations are more than abstract intellectual positions; they are embodied in the life styles and personalities of real men. The value of such encounters as the St. Vincent's meeting is that they afford religious leaders, so tantalizingly separated by the very Biblical tradition both hold in common, an opportunity to meet and know each other. There can be much gain in such knowledge at the human level. However, as Rabbi Gordis suggests in his paper "Freedom of Conscience: A Jewish Perspective," this human encounter is the fruit of secular enlightenment rather than either Judaism or Catholicism. Jews and Catholics can begin to talk to each other about their religious affirmations largely because both are today the children of the secular city.

Must we love each other? As a Jew, I feel an acute sense of discomfort when I read that Catholics "must love Jews—this is an imperative" as Father Gerard S. Sloyan suggests in his article, "The Meaning of Israel as Idea and Reality." There is really too much that separates us. There ought to be a realistic alternative to the either-or of love or hate. Why can't we rest content with learning to appreciate and understand each other? I suspect that Father Sloyan's feeling that the Christian is obligated to love the Jew rests on his insistence on "the divine mystery-surrounding the people of Israel." In the long run, such an impossible imperative is more likely to result in hatred than love.

The real tragedy of Judaeo-Christian encounter is that it is almost impossible for Christians to see Jews simply as men rather than as actors in the divine drama involving the eternal salvation of mankind. Would that the world had taken us less seriously when we made the absurd claim of election about ourselves!

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We condemned ourselves to the domain of the sacred and gentiles were unable to see us in any other light. Instead of mocking our impossible pretensions, they envied us and sought to displace us. We Jews have never been able to extricate ourselves from the domain of the sacred, even in today's profane world. And, we have paid a terrible price, for he who dwells in that terrible domain is condemned to be the sacrificial victim over and over again. Christian scholars do us no service when they affirm "the mystery of Israel" and speak of an obligation to "love" us.

It would be far better were Christians and Jews to regard each other simply as persons and their religious traditions as the non-privileged, inherited mythic and ritual structures which constitute their religious identities. Such a transformation is almost impossible at the theological level; it has, however, largely taken place at the practical level because of the radical profanity of our times. Theological dialogue is possible between men who regard theology's ultimate relevance to be anthropological. Their dialogues are in reality attempts to say something about the kind of men they are. Dialogue is ultimately impossible between men who feel that their tradition alone is the *definitive* expression of God's way for man.

Torah and Gospel is the record of an important beginning. There are further areas which Catholic and Jewish scholars can explore together, if both parties are prepared to risk themselves. Hardly any reference is made in the symposium to the radical rethinking of theological positions among contemporary Protestant thinkers. Both Catholics and Jews have much to gain from a serious consideration of radical theology. Nowhere in the papers do the Jewish scholars ask, nor are they asked by the Catholic scholars: "What kind of a God can Jews believe after Auschwitz?" No other question has comparable theological seriousness for the contemporary religious Jew. No attempt is made to confront the radical secularity of our times *theologically*. I suspect that Jews have a lot to learn from Catholics concerning the abiding significance of the sacrificial dimension of contemporary religion. There is no hint of this pressing Jewish need in the papers. Above all, none of the scholars exhibits much feeling for the psychodynamic understanding of human encounter. This is indeed strange among men who are the heirs to so great a measure of irrational stress in the history of their encounters.

Although I am by no means an Orthodox Jew, I cannot dismiss Rabbi Soloveitchik. Nor, after a sojourn of several months' duration in Catholic Spain and a relatively intense study of the history of that great people, can I dismiss contemporary Catholic traditionalists. I share with many other religious Jews the desire to converse with Catholics and to learn more about them as men. I am not at all sure what this means, nor do I know what will ultimately be possible in such meetings. *Torah and Gospel* is at least the record of men learning how to begin to speak with each other. As such, it represents an enormously significant advance. Nevertheless, there is risk for both parties in such encounters. Let us not forget that the *I* becomes the *I* because of the *Thou's* it encounters. If this preliminary conversation should prove to be the beginning of genuine dialogue, neither Jew nor Catholic will remain theologically unmodified by the experience.

The Big Spenders

LUCIUS BEEBE

Doubleday, $6.95

STEPHEN ZOLL

The bomb-throwing anarchist, according to popular conception, drank little that was more expensive than water, however infrequently he may have bathed in it; the millionaire magnifico never drank it when magnums of Moët Chandon were available, but thought it useful in providing buoyancy for his yacht laden with other choice vintage and a crew of ninety. Both archetypes are outdated, each having given way at a similar historical moment and for reasons having more to do with public relations than with politics.

The present recreational use of water provides an image between these extremes: democratic man weekending on water skis. In relative size, a water ski is to Lake George, say, as J. P. Morgan's *Corsair* was to the Atlantic. Implying the vast differences between all other relative values, Lucius Beebe, a very engaging man with a lavish and arch style, has, in *The Big Spenders*, most unfortunately his last book, recounted with flagrant detail the consumer habits of the by-gone rich. It might be called a pornographic study of money—naked, breeding wealth the expenditure of which was totally without redeeming social value.

The magnifico's style was its own content. Private whims ostentatiously satisfied in public are great fun to read about for the tension of wondering which will give out first, the money or the whimsical imagination. Beebe rejoices not in the gold-plated bicycles (Jim Brady), gold-plated piano (a Chicago madam), gold-plated Daimler (Sir Bernard Docker) but in the light-hearted vulgarity of having such whims, a few more of which should be documented to show that the expensive hard goods are incidental to the style of their deployment.

For instance, James Gordon Bennett's yacht, *Namouna*, which carried a blooded dairy cow on the foredeck should any of the passengers have so unlikely a vagrant thirst. Mrs. Horace Dodge's rope of 389 matched pearls, supposedly $50,000 each, which at ⅜ of an inch per pearl, would make a necklace about 13 feet long. A food locker aboard Lilly Langtry's private railroad car (itself a whimsical gift from an admirer) capable of holding an entire stag. The man who, when asked to economize by making do with fewer than his three pastry chefs, showed his basic simplicity to be past common man's most profligate imagination by exclaiming, "Good God, can't a man have a biscuit!" Any reader of this book, especially those who might wait for the paperback edition, must be accounted a relative failure, but is allowed a fine spectator's seat of judgment.

The more non-redeeming the expenditure, the funnier is Beebe's account of it. But the fun is unilluminated by an

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idea, and with the collective indulgences amounting to perhaps several billion selfish dollars, it seems as though some edifying abstraction might have suggested itself, given such a potential inspiration. However, Beebe has certainly found the proper attitude with which to regard the passing of those bad good old days: regret.

Beebe engages our fondness for a peculiar, legendary America in which excesses had not the purity of Pecos Bill's or Paul Bunyan's (and certainly not Barbara Fritchie's) but are straightforward vainglory: Potter Palmer, Bet a Million Gates, Jay Gould, Colonel Ned Green, Evelyn Walsh Maclean—tarnished, eccentric, self-centered, but no less endearing heros. A comic strip Olympus, and Beebe is successful in making hubris attractive. The extravagant possibilities of unlimited wealth included extravagant, if harmless, confusion: the grandee's station on earth was not a position on Olympus, though he was able by his largesse to effect the acquiescence or suspended disbelief of most spectators to the pretension. One might expect such hubris to be unpleasantly retributed on several succeeding generations, but one could search only in vain for tragedy within these pages. Beebe's regret is that there is now no one Getting Away With It—at least not in public.

An attempted justification of an 1897 party costing $369,200 (whatever would be the equivalent today) was that it provided employment for countless numbers of rose and orchid growers, costume seamstitchers, caviar packers, Veuve Clicquot and Mumm's Extra salesmen, terrapin and Canvasback farmers, barouche and four cabbies, etc. Whether or not this is adequate, it is a description of style, such as it was, being set from the top of the social pyramid, and it is not demonstrably worse than the picture of today's spiritual descendants of the 400 jetting between discotheques to dance to the music of Liverpool's downtrodden. And whether it is exclusive sponsorship by private funds or federal and foundation benevolence with public and tax-exempted money, it will still be difficult to get a good seat at the Metropolitan Opera. Valuable innovation is a matter of slow accretion.

Despite the tradition of rags to riches and back to rags in three generations, it is surprising how many of the fortunes that were suffering decimation are nevertheless still intact. The style of great wealth now is to consolidate public power and wield it redeemingly. Instead of being elevated by news of such quaint transportation as coaches attended by liveried footmen, one could find one's self redeemed by an expressway routed through one's eminently domained living room.

I would like to make an additional proposal to other needed tax reforms also of remote and dubious passage, to wit: a change from avoidable inheritance taxes following individual demise to a truly confiscatory tax levied only every third generation. This threat could easily and beneficially return us to the days of serious and stylish dissipation in Niagaras of champagne, stables of decorative race horses, varicolored fleets of Rolls and laundry baskets full of diamonds heavy enough to stagger the wearer. A fine spectator sport. The government printing office might get out a supplementary edition of *The Big Spenders* as a How To guide for that tax bracket.

The Painted Bird

JERZY KOSINSKI

Houghton, Mifflin, $4.95

DAVID EVANIER

A. Alavarez writes, "The literature of the (concentration) camps has become, insidiously and unanswerably, our own under-literature. Its connections with our lives, our despairs, our fantasies are subterranean but constant and powerful. . . ." Arthur Miller abortively attempted to capture this kind of insight by the symbolic use of the concentration camp tower in "After the Fall." "Marat/Sade" successfully incorporates the concentration camp atmosphere and because it has done so has explosively aroused and disturbed people and pierced the consciousness of our age. Jakov Lind's "Soul of Wood," through the device of black humor, is another triumphant depiction of a world in which the balance of forces has shifted (in the artist's mind) from a struggle between good and evil, and a constant sense of ambiguity, to the feeling that evil has overwhelmingly prevailed over good.

Jerzy Kosinski's "The Painted Bird," like "Marat/Sade" and "Soul of Wood," takes place outside the concentration camp, and yet conceives the outer world as insane, destructive and unchangeable —in fact, a potential concentration camp itself. It is an autobiographical novel about a six-year old boy who is entrusted to a peasant woman in the countryside of Poland by his parents in the hope that he will be protected from the Nazis. The woman dies and the boy is left alone to wander the countryside. He is dark and swarthy in an area where the peasants are blond and light-skinned. They regard him as some kind of evil spirit, and subject him to tortures and humiliations. When they are not torturing him, the boy witnesses the violence and recrimination among the peasants toward each other. One unforgettable scene describes a jealous husband blinding a plowboy with a spoon in front of his wife and the narrator:

"At the mill wall, next to the barn, lay the plowboy. At first I meant to pass him by quickly, but I stopped when I realized that he was sightless. He was still stunned. He covered his face with his hands, he moaned and sobbed. There was caked blood on his face, hands and shirt. I wanted to say something, but I was afraid that he would ask me about his eyes and then I would have to tell him to forget about them, since the miller had stamped them into pulp."

Only at one point is there direct confrontation of some kind with the concentration camps: "Then a new kind of train appeared on the line. Living people were jammed in locked cattle cars. . . . These trains carried Jews and Gypsies, who had been captured and sentenced to death. In each car there were two hundred of them stacked like cornstalks, arms raised to take up less space. . . . (The peasants) said the

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Lord's punishment had finally reached the Jews. They had deserved it long ago, ever since they crucified Christ. . . . The villagers now gave me even darker looks. 'You Gypsy-Jew,' they yelled. 'You'll burn yet, bastard, you will.' "

He lives later with a crazed peasant, Garbos: "As soon as I entered he dragged me to an empty room in the corner of the house. There at the highest point of the ceiling two large hooks had been driven into the beams, less than two feet apart. Leather straps were attached to each as handles. Garbos climbed on a stool, lifted me high, and told me to grab a handle with each hand. Then he left me suspended and brought Judas (a dangerous dog) into the room. On his way out he locked the door. . . . . He only fooled me once. I thought he had really gone to sleep and straightened out my legs. Judas instantly bounced off the floor, leaping like a frog. One of my feet did not jerk up fast enough and he tore some skin at the heel. The fear and pain almost caused me to fall. Judas licked his chops triumphantly and reclined by the wall. . . ."

The boy is kept hanging from the hooks for hours each morning and night. At other times the peasant steals behind him and hits him on the leg with a whip; twists his ears; rubs his thumb in his hair; jabs a hoe handle between his ribs; throws him into beds of nettles and thorny bushes; tickles his armpits and feet until he shakes uncontrollably, and flogs him constantly.

Against this vast chaos of human ignorance, fear, evil and depravity, there are only two opposing forces in the book: the artist who has written it, and the Soviet soldiers, in their innocence, sustained by their illusions about Stalin. When the Russians finally come, the soldiers take a liking to the boy and educate him in the ways of Marxism. They are his first friends. The soldier Gavrila takes him to the field library and teaches him to read. The soldiers give him his first book and Gavrila reads it with him—Gorky's "childhood."

"According to one of the rules of human history, said Gavrila, a man would from time to time spring up from the vast nameless mass of men, a man who wanted the welfare of others. . . . Such a man became a leader, one of the great men, who guided people in their thoughts and deeds, as a weaver guides his colored threads through the intricacies of the pattern.

". . . . The last one, however, was still living. His portraits were larger, brighter, more handsome than the rest. It was under his leadership, said Gavrila, that the Red Army was defeating the Germans and bringing to the liberated peoples a new way of life which made all equal. There would be no rich and poor, no exploiters and exploited, no persecution of the dark by the fair, no people doomed to gas chambers. Gavrila, like all the officers and men in the regiment, owed all he had to this man: education, rank, home. The library owed all its beautifully printed and bound books to him. I owed the care of the army doctors and my recovery to him. Every Soviet citizen was in debt to this man for everything he possessed and for all his good fortune.

"This man's name was Stalin. . . ."

These words, even written ironically, have an alluring ring to them. One can imagine how the boy felt then, when they were spoken by innocents who believed them.

Like "Marat/Sade" and "Soul of Wood," "The Painted Bird" is a deeply moral work. Modern literature continues to probe deeper and deeper into the manifold levels and complexities of evil, shocking us because of the light it sheds: we see the rotting bodies and we smell the gas chambers. We are left without hope—but that is the modern condition of our lives anyway.

REVIEWERS

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CORRESPONDENCE

(*Continued from page 405*)

cosmic indifference to human suffering, Freud's faith in human intelligence and in the *Logos* of the world should arrest us.

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✠ *Neophytos Edelby*

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✠ *Neophytos Edelby*

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Moreover, it was in the culture of Judaism and Christianity, a culture convinced that everything in the world is related to the one supreme intelligence of God, a culture also convinced that human fidelity to intelligence could affect the development of history, that science was born. If the scientific commitments of Freud are profoundly impregnated with the faith of Judaism and Christianity, it is no wonder that the goals of "the primacy of intelligence" and of "God" are alike.

Moreover, Freud's perception is gross when he argues that the function of religion is to bring consolation, and that without consolation religion would lose its "human interest." For the words "consolation" and "interest" are ambiguous. Consolation can be emotional, sentimental, illusory in the sense specified by Freud; that is, fed by wishes and emotive needs. But there are some persons whose fundamental "consolation" is to face the truth; presumably, this is the case with Freud and those who are mature enough to accept the "education to reality" which he commends.

A similar ambiguity inheres in the word "interest." The basic interest of some people in religion—the middle-aged ladies whom Freud treated in Vienna—may well be escape or security. For other people, the basic human interest is truth. Such people do not believe in God because God comforts them, as though they were the center of the universe and He were a function of their needs. They believe in God because such belief, despite many appearances which tell against it (Auschwitz), seems to them to be true. It is small emotive comfort to believe in a God whose ways are not our ways, whose purposes are inscrutable, and whose response is darkness, silence, and—not uncommonly—continued exposure to useless suffering.

But the reason why some persons believe in God is to be found in reflection upon what men actually do in such a world. Despite Freud's unbelief, he nevertheless pursues understanding, cherishes friendship, is compassionate toward the suffering, values creativity. A world in which such things are possible cannot be totally absurd. The way the best men actually live is the chief clue which leads some men to wonder, and then to adore. In short, some believers proceed from ethics to metaphysics, not vice versa. They take human inquiry and human love to be clues to the riddle of the world; the names of their God are Truth and Love. (At this point, the interpretation of Feuerbach must be faced; but that is another issue.)

Finally, Freud is imperialistic; he enlists all intellectual virtues in his own behalf, and leaves the believer with dishonesty, infantile wishfulness, and an inability to learn from experience: ". . . my illusions are not, like religious ones, incapable of correction." But perhaps when Freud predicted that the believer would find new ways of "defending"—or, let us say, articulating—his belief, he unwittingly caught a glimmering of the inexhaustibility, the inescapability, of the wonder from which belief springs. Freud's own basic commitments to *Logos*, inquiry, love, compassion, and

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creativity are astonishing, but Mr. Callahan simply takes them for granted.

The philosophically oriented might conclude that such commitments represent a "tale told by an idiot, . . . signifying nothing." For there are many things in human experience which *seem* to be the tale of an idiot, and seem to signify nothing. If it were not that men like Freud continue to live *as if* there were a God, with a fundamental interest in education to reality, there would be fewer ways left for a philosophically oriented man to believe in God. Freud's basic commitments already include most of what philosophical belief, as distinct from religious faith, requires; but Freud disagrees with believers about how to interpret such commitments. Freud takes them for granted; the origin of belief is wonder.

MICHAEL NOVAK

Reply

Mr. Novak is correct in discerning that I don't find Freud's belief in the primacy of intellect, the value of love, compassion and creativity, either "extraordinary" or "something of a marvel." But let me try to answer his objections as my character *Freudian* (now deceased) might have answered them:

(1) As Freud says of his belief in science, it "has given us evidence of its numerous and important successes that it is no illusion." In other words, science has proved its worth by its results; experience validates it. With some modifications, the same could be said of intellect, love, compassion and creativity. There seems to me in human history and in the testimony of non-Christian religions ample evidence that humanity has found those values to be productive of both personal and social goods. Mr. Novak seems to assume that, lacking some kind of theistic framework, human beings would find it extraordinarily hard to justify belief in those values; but they have, pragmatically. To say, as does Mr. Novak, that "it might just as well be true that the world in which we live is absurd . . ." proves little. Indeed the world could be absurd (in some ultimate sense) but this would hardly entail that everything man did would thereby cease to have all meaning and value. Again, human experience shows that mankind can make progress, can find some degree of happiness and can come close to mastering nature. If man can do this much—*Freudian* might have said—what does it matter if the world as a whole is absurd? As I understand it, the precise import of Freud's "reality principle" is that man must learn to reconcile himself to the world as it is, or as he can make it—and thereby cease wishing for transcendent meaning.

(2) The fact that the "culture of Judaism and Christianity" was the seedbed of science in no sense requires that science continue to hold on to the religious premises of that culture. Contemporary science does not, in any sense, require that it be grounded in "the one supreme intelligence of God."

(3) If Freud is admittedly "imperialistic," it is hardly less "imperialistic" for a Christian to say that "men like Freud continue to live *as if* there were a God." This also begs the question. Is a life committed to inquiry, love, compassion and creativity *necessarily* a crypto-theistic life? If my Freudian response under (1) above is viable, then such a necessity does not at all follow. For that matter, one could turn Mr. Novak's argument upside down, coming to the very opposite conclusion. Insofar as the believer is committed to inquiry, love, compassion and creativity—values which have proved themselves in human experience—then that believer is actually living *as if* there were *no* God. For he is then living as Freud lived! What the believer says about the ultimate reference and motives for these commitments would thus become irrelevant; it is what he does which counts. (Erich Fromm has, on occasion, argued this way about the actual meaning of the believer's behavior.) But this approach begs the question as much as Mr. Novak's.

But where does all this get us? The key expression in Mr. Novak's letter, I take it, is that "some believers . . . take human inquiry and love to be clues to the riddle of the world." Despite the possibility of a Freudian response to his letter, I basically agree with Mr. Novak's broad thrust. But I am left with some problems: (a) How does one show that the "clues" point one way rather than another? The trouble with "clues" is that one only knows what they really mean after one has solved the mystery; before that time there is no telling what they signify. (b) Is it possible to show that it is more "extraordinary" to believe in values in an absurd world than to believe there is a God? Many people find a belief in God "extraordinary." How are we to decide who should be most surprised? (c) Are there any psychological symptoms which might enable us to decide whether even those who proclaim their only "interest" in religion is "truth" could also fall under the Freudian critique? (My own guess, as I suggested in my initial article, is that a believer who fell back upon an increasingly evanescent God to ward off criticisms might be displaying such symptoms.)

I think questions like this have to be answered before we are justified in feeling that Freud's critique has been overcome.

DANIEL CALLAHAN

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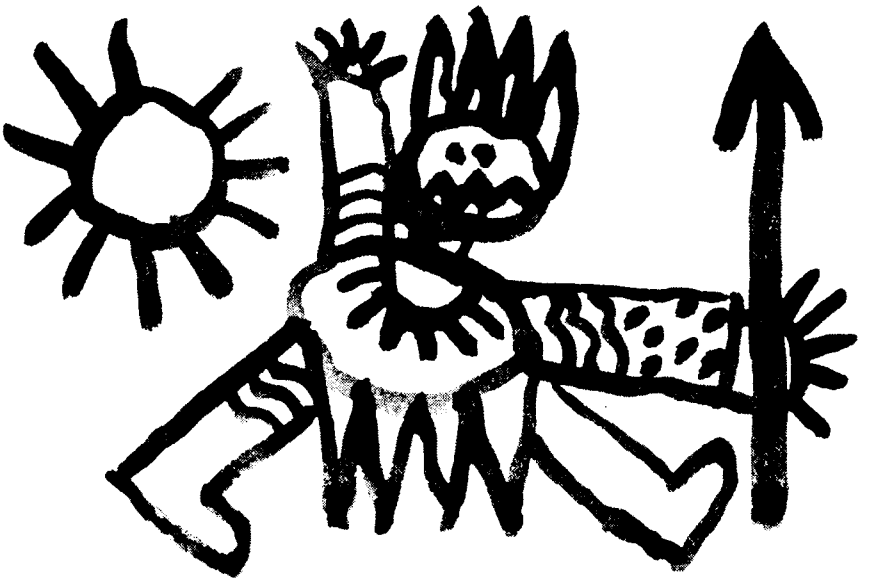

Hausa witch doctors and their medical treatments

The witch doctor (Boka) can be of any age, from fifteen or beyond, and can be a man or woman. There are many ways he can attain his status.

One, he can become a medical student by taking a voyage on foot through several neighboring countries such as Cameroon, Nigeria, Togo, Dahomey, Upper Volta and Mali, spending his time visiting already established witch doctors. He must stay at each station for several months, at least, in order to learn to recognize diseases and their causes. During his travels he collects leaves and other materials to use in his future practice.

Two, he can learn the trade from his father if his father is a witch doctor.

Three, he may be one chosen by the evil spirit because of the spirit's love for him. The spirit will call him out into the bush for perhaps a month and teach him all the medicines and practices.

The Boka knows that disease is caused by a black iska or a white iska. Or, in some cases, by both at the same time. (Iska means evil spirit. It also means wind.)

When a sick person is brought to the Boka, he or his family must give the Boka some money to start the cure. The cost varies from case to case and the pay is usually in the form of goods such as goats or chickens. (The Boka may kill the animal, in which case the evil spirit will leave the head of the sick and go to drink the blood of the slaughtered animal.)

The doctor then requests the invalid or his family to bring a calabash on their next visit. He will then fill the calabash with several specific barks used only for the particular disease being treated, and mix them with water. They will then go to a field and set the calabash on top of an anthill, shutting off the hole completely. The purpose of this is to trap and suffocate the evil spirits in the hole (which is their natural home.) The sick person will then walk around the calabash seven times after which he will take off his clothes and give them to the Boka. (If he needs the clothes, he may buy them back from the Boka.)

At the end of the treatment, if the patient is not cured, the client pays nothing. If he is cured, he must wait till the Boka decides the price. Then it is possible to bargain a little to arrive at a satisfactory sum. It is usually three or four times the initial cost of the cure. If the patient dies, no final price is paid.

You have to go where man has lived differently. You have to experience a different culture to learn to respect and understand it. To begin the sharing of knowledge. The kind of knowledge that must be shared if man is ever to rid his life of its unnecessary hardships. The kind of knowledge that must be shared if the world is ever to rid itself of its deadly prejudices.

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